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## PORT ARTHUR'S LAST STAND:—THE GALLANT STOESEL.



Japanese trenches before Port Arthur: In this photograph are seen a number of newspaper correspondents discussing topography with a Japanese officer on a height four miles from Port Arthur. The brow of the hill just ahead is scarred with Japanese trenches.—(From Stereograph copyright, 1904, by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

## JAPANESE BOMBARDING PORT ARTHUR.



The bombardment of Port Arthur by General Nogi. A Japanese mountain battery on the heights commanding the town.—("Collier's Weekly.")



An excellent picture of General Stoessel, the brave defender of Port Arthur. For months he has held out against the terrible bombardment of the Japanese both by land and sea. Even when the end is drawing near, with the town blown almost to pieces, and the fleet destroyed, he still remains at his post, fighting with that heroic obstinacy which has made him a hero in the eyes of the whole world.—(Copyright, "Illustrated London News.")

**B**EAUTIFUL black Pomeranian Puppy; sire taken prizes.—Secretary, Dunkeld, St. Albans.

# RUSSIAN GUNS STRANGELY SILENT.

Port Arthur No Longer  
Replies to Japanese Fire.

## A STARVATION PLAN.

Sickness of the Garrison Makes  
Assailants Hope for a  
Surrender.

TOKIO, Friday.—Considerable astonishment is expressed here at the entire absence of resistance on the part of the Port Arthur Squadron, and its absolute passivity while being disabled piecemeal. It is thought possible that the Russians may have opened the sea-cocks and so submerged the warships, in order to lessen the exposure to the Japanese fire.

There was no sign of life on board ship during the bombardment, and it is concluded that the bluejackets were taking refuge on shore.

People here are unable to understand the failure of the Russians to the hard even at the cost of weakening the effective strength of the garrison.

Messages from the besieging army state that the food supply in the fortress is insufficient. The garrison is on short rations of bread, and the officers have horseflesh twice a week.

Dysentery and typhoid are also prevalent.

The garrison has apparently refused the armistice asked for and granted to enable the killed and wounded to be collected, and in this General Stoessel's humane desire has been overruled by his officers, who fear that the soldiers would seize the opportunity to desert and give information regarding the defence.

A later message says there is no activity in the West Harbour or in the visible portions of the East Harbour. The Russians, strangely, do not reply to the Japanese fire.—Reuter's Special Service.

## STOESSEL'S GARRISON TO BE STARVED OUT

TOKIO, Friday.—By disabling the Russian fleet at Port Arthur the Japanese have accomplished the main object of the desperate assault of the last three months. There is now a strong probability that the Japanese will rely upon the starvation of the garrison, instead of assaults, to bring about its final capitulation.—Reuter's Special Service.

## GREAT DEVASTATION ON LAND.

TOKIO, Friday, Noon.—The following report, dated three o'clock this morning, is to hand:—"As the result of our naval gun bombardment yesterday the Bayan was hit six times and the Amur fourteen. The latter is sinking by the stern."

Thirty-six hits were counted in the cannonade which was directed against the storehouses and arsenals north-east of the base of Pajuyush. They caused great devastation.—Reuter's Special Service.

## REFUSES PASSAGE TO DEFENDERS.

ROME, Friday.—According to news received at the Japanese Legation here General Nogi in his recent negotiations with General Stoessel declared that if Port Arthur surrendered he would not now grant safeguards for the troops of the garrison to join General Kuropakkin.—Exchange.

## TOGO READY FOR BALTIC FLEET.

Japanese Ships in Fighting Trim To  
Meet Admiral Rojestvensky.

The consequences of the destruction of the Port Arthur warships are now being realised even at St. Petersburg, where the Admiralty is called upon to face a question of the gravest moment.

It has not yet been decided whether the Baltic Fleet will persevere in its journey to Far Eastern waters, or whether the order for its recall shall be issued at once.

It is not only the loss of invaluable war material that constitutes so severe a blow to the Russian sea power, though that loss in itself is a crushing one, as the following table of the destroyed vessels and their cost will prove:—

Revisan .....	£1,100,000
Poldia .....	1,000,000
Pereviet .....	1,100,000
Polava .....	1,098,000
Sevastopol .....	1,098,000
Bayan .....	450,000
Pallada .....	380,000
Total .....	86,326,000

The seriousness of the reverse, from the Russian point of view, lies in the fact that Admiral Togo is now free to dispose of his ships in whatever manner may seem best to him for a possible encounter with the Baltic Fleet.

Had it been possible for the Russians to preserve the Port Arthur ships without further damage, the arrival of the Baltic Fleet would have made the

naval strength of Russia in Eastern waters nearly equal—on paper—to that of Japan.

## THE FLEETS COMPARED.

The vessels that Admiral Togo has under his command are:—

Five battleships, the Asahi, Shikishima, Mikasa, Yashima, and Fuji; eight armoured cruisers, and fourteen protected cruisers.

It is well understood that all these vessels have recently been thoroughly overhauled, while the discipline and effective value of their crews, after twelve months spent in constant service, may reasonably be placed at their highest.

Admiral Rojestvensky has at his disposal the following vessels:—

Seven battleships, the Kniaz Suaroff, Alexander III., Borodino, Ore, Ossliabia, Sissoi Veliky, and Navarin; two armoured cruisers, and six protected cruisers.

In addition there must be taken into consideration his seven torpedo destroyers, and the supplementary fleet of cruisers and torpedo-boats.

A comparison of the two fleets leaves Admiral Togo with a marked advantage, and little can be expected from the Russian cruiser fleet at Vladivostok, which is still in a more or less crippled condition.

## TOGO BOMBARDING PORT ARTHUR.

ROME, Friday.—A telegram from Chifu states that Admiral Togo's fleet is now bombarding the inside of the docks at Port Arthur. Dense smoke has been seen ascending from different parts of the besieged town, indicating that serious outbreaks of fire have occurred.—Exchange.

## NOGI CHILDLESS.

Death of His Last Surviving Son  
Reported

A Renter's telegram from the headquarters of the 3rd Army states that in the attack on 203 Metre Hill General Nogi's second son, Hoten, was killed. The General's eldest son fell at Nan-Shan. When told of that first bereavement Nogi said:—"I am glad he died so splendidly. It was the greatest honour he could have. As for funeral rites over his memory, they might as well be postponed for a while. A little later on they may be performed in conjunction with those of two other members of his family—his brother Hoten and myself." Everybody will hope that this presentiment will not be fulfilled.

## INDIAN FRONTIER DANGER.

Significant Movement of Troops From  
Gibraltar and Ireland.

The large movements of troops from Gibraltar and other garrisons to India are significant in view of the rumours of danger on the frontier.

To-day the transport Plassy will leave Queenstown for Bombay with a large number of officers and over 1,200 men, principally belonging to the Garrison and Horse Artillery.

The next three steamers for India will also take out troops, whose numbers will be increased at Gibraltar, where the steamers will call.

Many women are being taken up by the Plassy, including thirty-nine intended brides for soldiers in India.

There are no more light-hearted people on the transport, wires our Queenstown correspondent, than these thirty-nine young English women who have been persuaded to go out to India by their soldier lovers.

## LORD CURZON ARRIVES AT BOMBAY.

BOMBAY, Friday.—Lord Curzon arrived here this morning, and met with a warm reception on landing.

## WAS M. SYVETON MURDERED?

Refusal to Entertain the Theory of  
Suicide.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The idea that M. Syveton committed suicide is repudiated by the Opposition journals, and they refuse to accept the suggestion that his death was accidental.

Murder is the theory held. M. Jules Lemaitre and M. François Coppée assert that the Freemasons instigated the crime on account of the startling revelations which M. Syveton would have made against them at his trial for the assault upon General André. The trial had been fixed to begin to-day.

## HOME FROM TIBET.

Colonel Young's husband, who was political officer with the Tibetan Mission, will arrive at Charing-cross from Marseilles by the train due at 4.55 to-morrow afternoon.

## NELSON PENSION TEA.

Lady Henry Somerset yesterday informed the *Daily Mirror* that she had decided not to join the directorate of Nelson and Co.

## GALES AND SNOW.

Blizzard and Skating in the  
Midlands.

Heavy snow, accompanied by fierce winds and bitter cold, swept over the north and the Northern Midlands, yesterday.

There was a heavy fall in Westmorland, and the weather is very threatening. In Liverpool there was a regular blizzard, the snow falling for hours.

A severe snow-storm broke over Flintshire and Cheshire in the morning, and raged with violence for nearly ten hours. At daybreak the wind rose and blew half a gale, piling the snow into heaps, and greatly impeding traffic by road and rail.

Following a sharp frost a blizzard-like snowstorm swept over Leicestershire and North Midlands.

So keen was the frost in the neighbourhood of Nottingham that skating was freely indulged in on flooded lands and small ponds.

## SHIPS BLOWN ASHORE.

The steamer Candleshoe, of Grimsby, 1,779 tons, went ashore during the gale a short distance below Barry, and was towed off by three tugs from Cardiff.

The schooner Catherine Latham, of Chester, went ashore at Blackrock, Dundalk. Her sails were blown away, and she drifted on to the sands at Blackrock about two miles from shore. The master, Thomas Shaw, of Flint, and the crew of three hands were taken off by the Blackrock life-boat.

A violent south-westerly gale prevailed in the Channel, and most steamers made very severe voyages. Much shipping is reported sheltering in the Downs and Dungeness East Bay.

## V.C. FOR A SOMALILAND HERO.

How Lieutenant Carter Defied a Force  
of Dervishes.

The hero of an act of great courage during the Somaliland campaign is to receive the Victoria Cross for his conduct, the King having signified his intention to confer the decoration upon Lieutenant Herbert Augustine Carter, of the 6th Company Indian Mounted Infantry.

His brave deed was performed when, during a reconnaissance near Jidballi, on December 19, 1903, the two sections of the Poona Mounted Infantry and the Tribal Horse were retiring before a force of Dervishes, which outnumbered them by forty to one.

Lieutenant Carter rode back a distance of 400 yards to the assistance of Private Jai Singh, who had lost his horse, and was closely pursued by a large number of the enemy. Taking the Sepoy up behind him, the Lieutenant brought him safely away.

## STRUGGLE WITH A MADMAN.

Collie Dog Saves His Master from a  
Terrible Fate.

An aged horseman named George King, living at Stanway, near Colchester, has had a terrible experience with a lunatic.

William Miller, a burly labourer, living next door to King, became suddenly bereft of reason. He invited his neighbour into his house, and then mangled him savagely. After punnelling his face, Miller threw King on to a sofa and attempted to strangle him.

King's favourite collie dog began to howl, the noise attracting the police and villagers.

It took twelve men to subdue Miller, who was afterwards taken to the asylum. King lies in a serious condition.

## LONDON M.P. TO RESIGN.

It was stated last night that Sir Robert Gray Cornish Mowbray, M.P. for Brixton, had informed the local Conservative Association that he did not intend to seek re-election. Indifferent health was given as the ground for the resignation.

Sir Robert has sat for the Brixton Division of Lambeth since 1900, and at each election has had a "walk-over."

## THE CONQUERING MOTOR.

The Postmaster-General has determined to discontinue running the heavy four-horse parcel post vans, which for some years past have nightly done a portion of the service between London and Brighton. Early in the coming year their place will be taken by a set of powerful motor-vans, which will be worked by the department itself.

It is officially announced that the King has appointed Mr. S. A. T. Rowlatt to be Recorder of Windsor, in place of Sir Alfred Lawrence, who resigned on his appointment as one of H.M. Judges of the High Court.

## FISHERMEN HEROES.

Six of One Family Sacrifice  
Their Lives.

## SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Seven gallant fishermen of the little village of Newbigging, Northumberland, have lost their lives in the North Sea in a heroic effort to render aid to a shipwrecked crew.

A greater sadness attaches to the disaster because six of the men were of one family.

In the darkness of yesterday morning signals for assistance were made by the Norwegian vessel Anglia, bound from Hamburg for Sunderland.

The vessel was seen to be in difficulties among the Needle Point Rocks.

With all haste eight of the village fishermen—six Armstrongs, John Brown, and John Dent—ran out a cable-boat, belonging to George Armstrong, and rowed to the rescue.

The frail craft was struck by a heavy wave just as she gained the side of the steamer, and capsized. The men were thrown into the sea. They scrambled up on to the keel of the cable, but one after another were swept into the water, except John Armstrong and John Dent.

After clinging a while to the keel Armstrong—the only one of the crew of eight who could swim—made his way to a net buoy, which had been thrown out from the cable.

He drifted for an hour in the rolling sea, and was at last picked up by the lifeboat, a hundred yards away from the stranded vessel, in an unconscious condition.

Dent had long ago lost his hold of the cable and dropped off to drown.

With the exception of James Armstrong, aged fifty-three, all the men were married, and there is a painful list of surviving widows and children in Newbigging.

The scene on the beach was heartrending. Women ran up and down wringing their hands and crying piteously.

The grim irony of the disaster was that the crew of the steamer were in no immediate danger, and refused to come ashore in the life-saving apparatus.

Some hours later, however, the sea became very rough, and seven of the crew were rescued by the life-saving apparatus. Two of the men got ashore with great difficulty in the ship's boat.

The Anglia went on the rocks at high tide, and is now lying high and dry, and likely to become a total wreck. Her hull is badly holed, and the engine-room is full of water.

## ACTOR AS LORD MAYOR.

Sir Henry Irving's Bold Suggestion to  
the Manchester Corporation.

Speaking at the Town Hall, Manchester, yesterday, where he was entertained to luncheon by the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Irving advocated a municipal theatre.

"And," he added, "who knows that when you have made the theatre a civic institution in Manchester the principal actor will not be elected some day as Lord Mayor?"

"Why not? I have a friend, a comedian, who has performed the duties of poor law guardian, I believe, with the highest credit."

Sir Henry said that he thought a municipal theatre would give young actors a chance of learning their business, which was sadly lacking nowadays. When he was a young recruit in Manchester, he said, he had a chance of learning more in a single season than young men and women on the stage now have in the course of years.

Lord Rosebery has cancelled his engagement at Glasgow on Monday on account of a cold.

## Begins To-morrow.

"Convict 413 L," the  
startling story of prison  
life written by Mr.

## ADOLF BECK,

assisted by the authors  
of "Convict 99," and  
appearing exclusively  
in the

## "Weekly Dispatch."

Price 1d.



## ALIEN INVADERS.

### Russian Reservists Swarm Into London.

#### STRIKING FIGURES.

Russia-in-England is full to overflowing, but the rush of reservists from the country of the Tsar is diminishing.

A long time was spent yesterday by the *Daily Mirror* among the refugees, with a view to investigating the alien side of the question.

For the most part they are able-bodied men who have run away from their homes to avoid service.

The cry is no longer, as it used to be, everything for "Holy Russia." Stundists, Roman and Greek Catholics, and Jews, have but one thing to say:—"We ran away because we would not fight. They give us nothing. If we die our wives and children starve."

There they were yesterday, crowding the sawdust-strewn floors of the Jewish shelter in Leman-street, vociferously stating their views of life in little groups of five or six, bursting into tears as they remembered their wives and families, then, as the sun went down and Sabbath approached, turning their faces to the wall and saying their prayers as good Jews should.

The secretary of the shelter said that no questions were asked. If a deserving Jew, immigrant or transmigrant, knocked at the door he was admitted.

The whole cost was borne, he continued, by the Jews, whose endeavour was to pass the people on to their destinations.

The reason, he declared, that they came through London was that it was the cheapest route. The Jews were as anxious they should not stay as the English. The cost was very heavy, and they had enough to do to support and find work for their community already.

The Russian rush would soon be over, and hundreds of those here sailed away two or three times a week, and everyone who came was booked through to some other country.

#### Figures Which Speak.

So much for the alien side of the question, but what is the other?

The plain figures of the Board of Trade returns on alien immigration, which cannot be denied, are as follows for the month of November:—

Aliens passing through .....	1904.	1903.
Aliens not passing through .....	7,884.	6,449.
Aliens not passing through .....	10,490.	6,984.

The increase of 3,515 in the immigrant class is significant.

That the increase is not due to the Russian rush is obvious from the figures for the eleven months ended November 30.

Aliens passing through .....	1904.	1903.
Aliens not passing through .....	94,627.	121,452.
Aliens not passing through .....	85,971.	76,897.

Here the increase of immigrants and decrease of transmigrants is a very strong argument in favour of the demand for legislation.

It has been clearly established that it is difficult to be sure that all the transmigrants do actually not stay.

It is indisputable that the alien standard of living is lower than the English, so that they can, and do, accept lower wages.

In the boot-making, cabinet-making, and wholesale clothing trades the alien has reduced the rate of wages in the East End to a sum impossible for any but himself.

#### Forcefully Objected.

Sixteen Russian refugees en route from America, who had taken shelter in St. George's-chambers, a well-known common lodging-house in Rattlehighway, were objected to by the regular lodgers.

A free fight ensued. There was no serious injury, but the police were called in to subdue the riot, and they remained till the refugees departed.

Jacob Woolf, a Russian, was fined £25 or a month's imprisonment at the Thames Police Court yesterday for keeping 68, New-road, Whitechapel, for unlawful gaming.

It was pointed out at the Thames Police Court yesterday that a boy-prisoner, who broke open and robbed a penny-in-the-slot gas-meter, might have caused a serious explosion.

## THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED TO **25/-** FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidised Cases. Jewelled Lever Movements. ACCURATE-TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

**V. SAMUEL & CO.,**  
26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

## POISON IN FOOD.

### St. Helens Woman Acquitted of Murder Charge.

After only a brief retirement the jury at Liverpool Assizes, yesterday, returned a verdict of Not Guilty in the case of Mrs. Burnard, who was indicted for the murder of Sarah Ann Jones by arsenical poisoning.

About a month after the death of the girl, who had been adopted some time previously by Mrs. Burnard, the wife of a St. Helens collier, the exhumation of the body was ordered, and an analysis revealed the presence of arsenic in the system in large quantities. The fact that Mrs. Burnard had insured the girl for various sums was emphasised in the subsequent proceedings against her for murder.

The accused woman's counsel, Mr. H. L. Riley, made a strong point of the possibility of accidental poisoning by the contamination of food. He pointed out that in 1901 and 1903 many people suffered from the accidental contamination of beer.

He named a variety of foods which might have been contaminated and taken by the girl, and reminded the jury, too, of the Bradford epidemic, through which eighteen people died and a large number were rendered ill by eating peppermints.

The insurance, he argued, was perfectly natural, as the death of an uninsured child might be attended with serious consequences to a poor family.

Upon the jury returning their verdict Mrs. Burnard was immediately discharged from custody.

### COMPANY CHAIRMAN HISSIED.

#### Stormy Scene Raised by a Shareholder's Accusation.

At the annual general meeting of the Linotype and Machinery Trust Limited, yesterday, Sir Joseph Lawrence, the chairman of the company, was loudly hissed on taking the chair.

In moving the adoption of the report he said that the year had been the worst-known in the printing industry. It had yielded them a net profit of only £150,000.

He had been asked what prospect there was of earning a dividend in the ordinary shares. He declined to prophesy as to future business, but to do it further cash was necessary, and he submitted a proposal for raising it.

Mr. Sampson, a Glasgow shareholder, objected loudly to the report. He said he had received hundreds of pitiless letters from shareholders asking, "Who are the men who have stolen our money?"

Shouts of "withdraw" followed. He withdrew, and after a stormy debate the report was carried with three dissentients.

The directors had not drawn their one per cent. of the profits, nor taken their fees.

### ROMANCE OF A PIANO.

#### Lady Falls Behind with Payments, and Is Left Pianoless.

A piano, purchased on the hire system, enlivened the proceedings at West London Police Court yesterday.

Oetzmann and Co., High-street, Kensington, and Rudd and Co., Dean-street, Soho, were summoned by Miss Charlotte Graham Bottomley, 20, Lonsdale-road, Chiswick, for detaining the check-action and the piano case.

The lady had got behind with her payments, and Oetzmann and Co. took away the check action, ostensibly to repair it, while Rudd and Co. kept the case, which they had sent for on the pretence of fitting on a new check action. The lady was thus left pianoless.

In a letter to the lady's solicitor Mr. Oetzmann said, "We have got not only the oyster but the shell."

The magistrate, remarking that they had got by subterfuge what they might have taken by force, adjourned the case pending a settlement by Miss Bottomley of the firm's claim.

### WOULD NOT SPEAK TO HIS WIFE.

A young actress applied at Worship-street yesterday for a summons against her husband, under the Married Woman's Maintenance Act.

It was stated that the husband was a comedian, who had toured with the "Mephisto" and "New Barnard" touring companies.

He would not speak to her or strike her, and had only given her 10s. in five weeks.

The magistrate doubted whether there was any case, and refused the summons at present.

### GIPIES' TRACTION-ENGINE TOUR.

The band of forty Macedonian gipsies continue their tour of this country at the ratepayers' expense. Yesterday they were taken out of West-Suffolk by a traction-engine.

Before leaving Newmarket the country's guests showed their appreciation of English hospitality by raiding a fruiterer's shop, purloining tomatoes, grapes, and onions, and also commandeering a ham from another shop.

## MODEST K.C.

### Mr. Pico's Counsel and the French Dictionary.

The Wright divorce case is in the middle of the "final speech" stage. Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., made his address to the jury yesterday. Mr. Lawson, K.C., will speak to them on Tuesday, until when the case is adjourned.

Before the speech-making, Mr. Pico, the young student co-respondent, finished his evidence. He told the Court how he never went out walking with Mrs. Wright alone, and how he did some fishing between intervals of study and motor-bicycle riding.

"Why had he once described himself as 'Henri Drennan, rentier'?" he was asked.

He replied that he did not want his father to know that he was not at Lausanne studying.

"I have a French dictionary here," said Mr. Rawlinson, in explaining to the jury that "rentier" means "gentleman with a private income," not "collector of rents." "I am not trying to impress you with my knowledge of French," added Mr. Rawlinson.

The modest K.C. in his final speech had a good deal to say about Slater's detectives and Mr. Osborn, and concluded with an appeal that the jury should not find a verdict for the man who was "tired of his wife."

### USE OF THE TRUNCHEON.

#### Action for Damages Against a Metropolitan Police Constable.

With the remark that there appeared to have been undue violence used by the constable, the Marylebone County Court Judge yesterday reserved judgment in an action against a member of the metropolitan police force named Worsley.

The plaintiff, a labourer named Wilson, who asked for £25 damages, stating that on August 3 he saw Worsley and another constable pushing two men about, one of whom he knew. He remonstrated, whereupon Worsley twice struck him on the head with a truncheon.

When brought before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court Wilson was discharged, the magistrate saying he had been sufficiently punished.

For "£25" was alleged that Wilson made a running kick at "a woman who had to protect herself with his truncheon." Who had to protect a detective warned a woman not to give "a kick" against the police was emphatically denied.

### METAMORPHOSIS IN A CELL.

#### Youths Agree To Exchange Their Names and Sentences.

Unusual precautions were taken yesterday in removing George Sims, a vanboy, from Southwark Police Court to Marylebone Police Court.

In the name of Charles Harding he was recently remanded at Marylebone on a charge of shopbreaking. His companion in the cell was a homeless youth named Lloyd, undergoing one day's imprisonment, who remarked that he preferred mail to the workhouse, and suggested to Harding an exchange of names and sentences.

Harding acquiesced, with the result that Lloyd, as Harding, went off in the van to Brixton, while Harding, at the rising of the Court, was released as Lloyd.

Now Harding, otherwise Sims, has been arrested on another charge at Southwark, and sent back to Marylebone.

### LADY KLEPTOMANIAC.

#### Acquitted on a Charge of Stealing Jewellery.

In distressing circumstances Annie Hobbs, forty-seven, a Brighton lady, was acquitted at Clerkenwell Sessions, yesterday, on a charge of stealing diamonds and other brooches, a gold chain, studs, bracelets, and rings, valued at £37, from Messrs. Richard Attenborough and Co., Ltd., Oxford-street.

After consultation the prosecution decided not to proceed with the trial, for the reason that the woman's brain was temporarily unbalanced.

It was stated that she had taken the articles in a careless, open way, showing that her mind was not clear.

Her medical history, said Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., was shocking. She had undergone operation after operation, and was suffering from great depression since.

Hereafter the unhappy woman would be sent to a place far removed from any town, and be watched over by her husband and a skilled nurse.

### SHAM SOLDIER ON HORSEBACK.

Tricked up in mock military costume, comprising khaki tunic, putties, spurs, and a plumed helmet, Robert Lunds paraded China-walk, Lambeth, on horseback at the head of a procession of costermongers.

For thus bringing the uniform of the country into contempt he was fined 10s. and costs at Westminster Police Court yesterday.

## MR. HOOLEY JOCLAR.

### Jovial Retorts to Sir Edward Carson's Questions.

#### CHARACTER IN DRESS.

In honour of the fact that he was about to be cross-examined by the Solicitor-General, Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley had put on a smart scarlet waistcoat when he mounted the witness-box yesterday at the Old Bailey.

The dinginess and mustiness of the "old court" served as an effective "set off" to Mr. Hooley's freshness and spick-and-spanness.

Mr. Hooley's clothes are a sort of sartorial personification of his business abilities. Briskness is suggested by his neat, well-fitting jacket, coolness by his white cravat, originality by his fancy-coloured shirt.

He surveyed the scene below him with a gaze partly critical, partly patronising, partly conciliatory, and the sight of large ledgers and dossiers of papers and documents seemed to exhilarate him like sea breezes exhilarate other men.

Mr. Avory, K.C., soon gave him an opportunity of showing his pretty talent for passing a genial compliment. "What did Mr. Hooley mean when he told Paine 'that everybody knows Lawson'?" counsel asked.

Up went Mr. Hooley's eyebrows in surprise. "Why, he is the man who invented the safety bicycle"—here Mr. Hooley's forefinger described two little circles in the air. "That man"—the finger pointed to the dock—"made Coventry. Everybody knows that."

Mr. Lawson almost blushed as he met admiring looks from every side flung at him. He was experiencing a fate just opposite that of Coventry's other celebrity—Lady Godiva. For everybody gazed at him.

#### Sir Edward Carson in Genial Vein.

When the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Carson, rose to cross-examine it was felt that two master minds were about to join issue.

Sir Edward proved to be in genial vein. He cracked a joke at his own expense when Mr. Rufus Isaacs objected to a question about Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy. There was an Act, said Mr. Isaacs, that prevented people in Mr. Hooley's position from being cross-examined about irrelevant alleged misdoings.

"That's a most embarrassing Act," retorted Mr. Hooley. "I don't know of it, except in connection with the clause put in myself."

Mr. Lawson had been previously discredited qua "Maker of Coventry." The Solicitor-General now introduced him to Mr. Hooley in the aspect of "a slippery card." Mr. Hooley had written to a friend, saying:—"Have been after the slippery card, Lawson, all day, but have run him to earth at last."

"Do you think Lawson is a slippery card?" Sir Edward asked blandly.

Mr. Hooley: Yes, if he would save a payment off for a short time. (Laud laughter.)

"You know more about company promoting than Mr. Paine does," suggested the Solicitor-General, in dealing with another matter.

Mr. Hooley smiled the smile of the "past-master" as he quickly replied: "Oh, yes."

The case was adjourned.

### MUCH ADD ABOUT A CHALLENGE.

#### How Office Chaff Aroused the Courage of Despair.

Two smartly-dressed young City clerks, both looking rather crestfallen, were called upon at Southwark Police Court yesterday to explain why they had spoken and behaved in an insulting manner at Duke-street, London Bridge.

The Magistrate: What is it all about?

Mr. Ernest Gerald Ellis, aged twenty-three: Mr. Snelling wanted to fight me in the office. I took my coat off, and he walked away. Unfortunately the chaff of his fellow-clerks gave him the courage of despair, and he followed me up Duke-street and challenged me again.

Mr. Arthur Edward Snelling, aged twenty-one: One of the clerks told me he wished to fight me, so I went down there to see if he would do so.

The Magistrate: I shall bind you both over to keep the peace.

## CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

## Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

Lord Rosebery is suffering from a cold and unable to fulfil engagements to speak.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, proposed by Lord Halifax, has joined the English Church Union.

After twenty years an overpayment of £100 has been anonymously returned to a bank cashier at Navan, Meath.

Sandy Elde, one of the last of the Scottish stage-coach drivers, has died, aged eighty-four, at the Cross Keys Hotel, Canobie, Dumfriesshire.

## WORKHOUSE AS HOTEL.

Galway Workhouse has opened its doors to Andrew Ceen, who arrived with a box containing £681 18s. 5d.

He has paid 5s. 3d. for his first week's maintenance and the master holds the balance to meet his further liabilities.

## CHEAP FARES FAIL TO ATTRACT.

In spite of the rate war and the reduction of fares to a point never reached in recent years, the Atlantic passenger trade has been far below average.

Up to the end of November 150,000 fewer passengers had left Europe for America.

## CHURCHYARD EXCLUSIVENESS.

On the door of a Hertfordshire village church has been affixed the following quaint notice:—

"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard but those living in the parish, and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me.—(Signed) E. G., Parish Clerk."

## MANXLAND FOR MOTORISTS.

It is expected that the speed and reliability trials of the Automobile Club will next year again take place in the Isle of Man.

Lord Raglan, the Governor of the island, favours the contests, and the Douglas guarantee committee express themselves as quite satisfied with the arrangements, both financial and otherwise, made at the last meeting.

## THOUGHT OF THE "HOME."

A cheering instance of gratitude was mentioned at the annual meeting of the Harris Orphanage, Preston.

Mr. George Toulmin, M.P., stated that a letter had been received from a widow in America, forwarding \$25, the first earnings of her son, who had been orphaned.

"His mother suggested that the sum mentioned might form a 'nest-egg towards another home.'"

## HOUSES ON CLAY HEALTHY.

That it is unhealthy to live in a house built upon clay is stoutly denied by Dr. Niven, the medical officer of Manchester.

At an inquiry into the suitability of a site for a housing scheme he stated that clay was as healthy as sand, and instanced the low death-rate of certain clay districts in Manchester itself.

The percentage of mortality was, in his opinion, more nearly affected by insanitary surroundings and overcrowding.

## PREFER TURKEYS TO GESE.

Last year there were 3,000 members, but this year there are nearly 5,000 members of the Goose Club organised at the Robert Browning Settlement, Walworth.

The subscriber pays 7s. 3d., and for that sum he has his choice of a goose weighing 10lb., a turkey weighing 9lb., or a joint of beef.

A packet of groceries, weighing 5lb. is added in each case, and although the club is designated "goose" club the majority of the members invariably prefer turkeys.

The Rev. Father Higley has offered another 100 rose-trees to the Stepney Workhouse Schools at Stifford.

At Dover yesterday a lady named Godden, aged seventy-four, fell over cliffs 300ft. high and was killed.

"Doll Sunday" at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, is to-morrow, when everyone is expected to bring a doll for poor children.

No workmen were injured by an alarming explosion at Cúrtis and Harvey's powder mills at Hounslow yesterday.

His Majesty's cruiser Medea was paid off from active service yesterday at Sheerness, and will be withdrawn from the effective list.

## ARCHDEACON DISLIKES CAROLS.

The Venerable Archdeacon MacCarthy, vicar of Gainsborough, has made an appeal to parishioners and townspeople to set their faces against carol singing.

Bands of singers combine, he said, for begging purposes, and squall outside people's doors, desecrating beautiful hymns, and adding the horrors of strident, discordant shoutings or whinnies to the darkness of the winter evenings.

This is a peculiarly disreputable form of begging, and the pretence of sentimental justification supported by weak foolishness to attach to this annually recurring nuisance by the approach of the Christmas festival will not bear the slightest consideration.

## HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

The design decided upon for the national memorial to the late Sir Hector Macdonald is that sent in by Mr. James S. Kay, 18, Skirving-street, Shawlands, Glasgow.

It represents a square tower in the Scottish baronial style, about a hundred feet in height, surmounted by a turret at one of the corners. Round the top is a heavily-corbelled balustrade, access being gained by a spiral staircase inside the tower.

The memorial will be erected at Dingwall, which was Sir Hector's birthplace.

## THE LATE LORD HOBHOUSE.

Yesterday afternoon a memorial service was held for the late Lord Hobhouse at St. Martin's Church, Westminster, conducted by the rector, Canon Hensley Henson.

Those present were Lord Chelmsford, Sir John Lubbock, Lord and Lady Monkswell, Sir Godfrey Lushington, Lady Norman, Mr. and Mrs. L. Courtenay, Lord Ripon, the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., Douglas Lefevre, Lady Napier of Magdala, Mr. Alfred Hobhouse, Dowager Lady Idlesleigh, and the Countess of Idlesleigh.

## TWO VIEWS OF BAZAARS.

Bishop Thornton, speaking at Lostock Hall, and Mr. J. P. Ritzema, at a Baptist meeting at Blackburn, showed a direct divergence of view on the subject of bazaars.

The Church cleric said to gather money for the benefit of others and the advancement of God's kingdom was a noble thing, and there was no reason why it should not be done by a bazaar. The other speaker said Lord Claud Hamilton, who St. Paul's injunction would operate if applied to bazaars, which were a very questionable means of raising money.

## GENERAL BULLER'S LOST MEDAL.

At the presentation of prizes to the Grimsby Volunteers, last night, Sir George Doughty repeated a story told him by Lord Claud Hamilton. One day, said Lord Claud, he met his brother, Lord George Hamilton, wearing a medal which he had just received from the War Office, which was awarded whilst he was in the Kent Volunteers thirty-three years before.

A Captain Buller was also awarded a medal at the time, and he received it when he was Commander-in-Chief in South Africa.

## ALDERMAN'S SECOND-HAND COAT.

It is proposed at Swinton to close a second-hand clothes market, which is stated to be a menace to public health.

At a meeting of the council, Alderman George declared that better clothes were to be found in the second-hand market than on the backs of the councillors themselves.

He sought to prove his point by taking off his own, just purchased in the market, and passing it round for the amused inspection of the council.

## HELPING POLITICAL CLUBS.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor has given a donation of £2,000 to be applied to the immediate formation of a special Conservative Clubs' Development Fund.

This fund will be utilised in starting Conservative clubs in Parliamentary divisions where at present none exist, and in assisting struggling clubs to become self-supporting.

## SELWOOD'S REINETTE APPLES.

That old-fashioned cooking apple, Selwood's Reinette—with its striped ruddy skin—is to be found in some shops. The spelling is often corrupted to "rennet."

This variety was raised by an eighteenth century Chelsea nurseryman named Selwood.

Mr. Justice Bigham and Mr. Justice Warrington are the Christmas Vacation Judges.

Carols will be sung in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, London, on Christmas Day.

Mr. Lief Jones, who was adopted as the Liberal candidate for Walthamstow, has retired from that position, but will contest another division.

Mr. F. J. Marham, of Addlestone, has been recommended as the candidate for the Chertsey Division to oppose Lord Bingham.

## ADVERTISEMENT BY EGGS.

A shopkeeper in the Walworth-road, who started business yesterday, inaugurated his business by distributing no fewer than 50,000 eggs amongst his prospective customers, free of cost.

There was a considerable run on the premises, more especially by children.

## MR. RIGG, M.P.'S NEW CLUB.

Mr. Richard Rigg, M.P., the dissentient Liberal member for North-Westmorland, has been proposed as a member of the Junior Constitutional Club, in Piccadilly.

His present club, the Reform, obviously affords him uncongenial shelter.

## TO SAVE CHILDREN'S LIVES.

The Liverpool Health Committee have endorsed the action of a sub-committee who refused to accept an offer made by a private firm to take over the sterilised milk supply of the corporation.

It was admitted that money had been lost on the depots each year, "but our object," explained the chairman of the committee, "is to promote health and save the lives of infants."

## CANINE LEAGUE AWARDS.

The firemen who tried to save the dog in the fire in Westminster Bridge-road, London, last month, and succeeded in getting the animal out of the house, although it died soon afterwards, have been presented by the National Canine Defence League with an address, in which details of the gallant act are given.

## ABSTAINING TOWN COUNCIL.

With one exception every member of the town council of Clydebank is said to be an out-and-out total abstinence, and in spite of the fact that two of them are local publicans.

It is pleasant to learn that with this peculiarity the body is noted for its "temperance" in dealing with the liquor problem and licences.

## CLERICAL CRICHTON.

A Somerset vicar has been described by the chairman of his annual parish meeting as a capable preacher, a good golfer, a smart tennis player, and a graceful dancer.

A member of the audience added that the reverend gentleman was also a good shot, pretty skater, and a licensed motor-car driver.

## TO SEE BURNS'S BIBLE.

Many Scotsmen up in town for the Cattle Show have been to Sotheby's to see the Burns Bible, which is to be offered for sale to-day.

There is probably not a single farmhouse in Scotland where a copy of the Bible and a copy of Burns's poems are not to be found, and the better-thumbed of the two is, as a rule, the poems.

## PRINCESS TO HELP NURSES.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, president of the East London Nursing Society, which was affiliated to Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, has signified her intention of being present at an entertainment, which will be given in aid of the funds of the society, on February 13, at Grosvenor House, by kind permission of the Duke of Westminster.

## EVADING THE CONTRACT LAW.

Owing to the Australian law against the bringing under contract of persons into the Commonwealth States, Sir Horace Tozer, the Queensland Agent-General, who is now on his way to Brisbane, accompanied by Lady Tozer, was obliged to make out, before leaving London, a special permit to the latter's maid to enable her to land on the vessel's arrival.

## FRANCE HONOURS ENGLISHMAN.

The Lavoisier gold medal has been awarded by the French Academy of Science to Professor Sir James Dewar, F.R.S., for his researches on the liquefaction of gases.

It is the first occasion on which the medal has been awarded to a British man of science, former distinguished chemists being Fischer, of Berlin; Cannizzaro, of Rome; and Graebe, of Geneva.

## LOST SCOTTISH FISHERY.

Mr. Graham Murray, Secretary for Scotland, has appointed the Earl of Mansfield (chairman), Professor D'Arcy Thompson, Mr. H. T. Anstruther, M.P., and Captain Sinclair, M.P., a committee to inquire into the causes of the recent decrease in the prosperity of the sea fisheries in parts of the counties of Sutherland and Caithness.

The report will point out whether any steps can be taken which will tend to restore the prosperity of the fishery or to assist the fisherman in the prosecution of their calling.

## OVER £250,000 PROFIT.

## Periodical Successes During the Depression.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth presided at the annual meeting of the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., yesterday, and, in the course of his remarks, observed:—

It is somewhat gratifying to be able to meet you to-day under such favourable circumstances, especially when time after time during the year the chairmen of public companies have told their shareholders that, owing to the great depression in trade, there has been a serious falling off in their business.

Your directors have not so much to complain of as have the directors of most other industrial companies. Here and there we have been hit a little. The depression in Lancashire has, of course, affected us, while in Glasgow the falling off in the shipbuilding has interfered with the spending capacity of the Clyde workers. On the whole, however, your publications have shown remarkable stability, and we are able to show you net profits of over a quarter of a million, and to declare a dividend and bonus for the year of 35 per cent.; and moreover to carry forward £25,000 to reserve—which reserve fund, by-the-way, now amounts to £175,000. (Applause.)

Not only have we put by £25,000, and recommended a dividend and bonus of 35 per cent. out of the profits of the company, but we have done a great many things besides. Amongst others, we have commenced what, I believe, should prove a lucrative publication—"The World and His Wife," an entirely new kind of magazine. It was called for by the desire of some of our best advertising advertisers in the publications of your company.

Since the company was formed, eight years ago, we have paid out in dividends, up to March last, no less a sum than £1,266,239, while the final distribution for this year brings the total payment up to £1,386,172. (Prolonged cheers.)

I am sorry to be obliged to again mention a point that has been dealt with on previous occasions, but so many of your shareholders appear to think your company owns the "Daily Mail" or one or the other of our daily newspapers. No doubt it would be a pleasing thing for the shareholders of this company if they did, but the figures and profits I have mentioned refer merely to the weekly and monthly periodicals, and not to any morning, evening, or weekly newspaper.

## THE CITY.

## American Panic—General Nervousness

## in Copper—No Business in Rails—

## Kaffirs Weaker.

CAPET TOWN, Friday Evening.—The stock markets to-day have been entirely under the American cloud. The attempts of Mr. Lawson, a well-known Boston speculator, to smash the market in Amalgamated Copper in New York seems to have caused general throwing out of American shares, and a feeling akin to panic on the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Lawson carried his campaign to the length of advertising his views this week in London, and there is no doubt that the whole market concerned with the copper trade. The heavy share in Americans shows how dangerous that market can be for speculators. The opening was expected to be rather quiet, but to-day it was a different matter. The fact that some of the New York brokers' offices in Wall Street were open all night, and this morning we had the benefit of an advance notice of the London and Continental sales, as well as heavy selling on our own account. The market thus weakened further, and no solid was experienced from the New York opening in the afternoon. But before the close there was a rather better feeling. Nevertheless all the leading shares are at least a good fraction above the closing prices in our Street market of last night. In the Street dealings this morning the market became very good, and touched the best of the day.

The Lawson attacks in New York were reflected by nervousness in the London market, and did not doubt caused some French, and Belgian selling of Rio Tinto, bringing the shares down to 594 and Anacondas to 5. They closed 604 and 54 respectively.

## Markets Under a Cloud.

Heavy falls such as those seen during the last day or two naturally cause a little feeling of nervousness as to whether there may be any failures at the Settlement. To-morrow (Saturday) is the preliminary carry-over in metals, and the nervousness is not without foundation. The general concern felt are sufficient reasons for the absence of fresh business. Markets were all under the American cloud again, and the feeling was not very steady towards the close, Consols only giving way to 87.

Business seemed to dry up in the Home Railway market, and while there was next to no feature to notice most things were just a little easier. North-Western and South-Western were firm.

Canadian Pacific were disposed to rally after weakness, but Grand Trunks are a heavy, inactive market. We have notices also been given for the sale of tin mines, and evidently the foreign bourses were as much under the American cloud as we were; for Internationals were generally rather lower.

Hudson's Bays were a little disposed to recover at 51, and talk of good earnings seemed to help National Telephone Deferred. But the market for tin mines was dull, and Nelsons were specially sold. Textile shares were also of colour. Aerated Bread shares are dull at 54.

Argentine Railways have been fairly steady for the crop rumours in the City were rather more hopeful. Entre Rios and Cordoba issues were bought. The close was The Mexican Railway shares were a little better, in spite of the expected agreement among the various companies for the pooling of traffic being extended. Kaffirs started the market for tin mines, and the Rhodesian paper rather weak, and Paris a general seller of Kaffirs. With the exception of some bidding for Great Boulders, the market for tin mines was very quiet. Africans stood out almost alone as a section to show improvement. Even Ashanti Goldfields rallied to 17, after being below 15 all being due to the general dislike of the financial position. The Egyptian group followed the lead of Kaffirs.

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The "Daily Mirror" Miniature Offer for Christmas Does Not Expire until -

12 o'clock (mid-day) To-day,

so London readers still have an opportunity of securing one of these brilliant little Portraits. Orders can be delivered both at our City and West End Offices—45, New Bond-street, W., and 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C.—until noon. If you are not one of the lucky possessors of a "Daily Mirror" Miniature, now is your chance.

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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

## FAR, SO GOOD, BUT

THE new education authority for London has not been wasting its time. It has already framed a scheme which gives every poor boy or girl a chance of a University education free of charge. They have to do is to show that they really worth it. If they can satisfy the Council examiners of that, rates and will send them first to a secondary—that is to say, a school rather more than the Board school, which is "primary"; next to an "intermediate" example, a grammar-school; and, to one of the Universities.

County Council have done something new way for a long time past. The new is on a larger scale than anything attempted. Its effect really is to open up every career to everybody, however poor or poor boy, who is blessed (or cursed) with a superior brain.

University may lead to the Home Civil Service, and thence, as in the case of Lord Curzon, to the highest posts in the Empire. It may lead to the Indian or Colonial Civil Service, or to the Bar (with the aid of further scholarships), or to Medicine, or the Church. A poor boy who has got so far up the ladder is in no need of helping hands to assist him further still.

Far, so good. That gives the exceptional and gives their opportunity. No one can be henceforward that he did not have a chance of proving his ability. But what those children who have no particular talent? Has not each of them a right to say Education Committee, in the haunting of disinherited Esau: "Hast thou not a gift for me, also? Bless me, even me, my father."

A number of brains which are worth cultivation is small. The number could be made useful both to their country and to the community by being along simple lines is very large. At present time, we are not sure that these lines are not even more needed than special cultivation. The clever boy really gets on somehow. It is the ordinary who forms our stiffest problem.

not this London Education Committee example to others by arranging a reform of the apprenticeship system? For one boy who is worth sending to the University there are a hundred who ought to fight a trade. That is the only way to make a fair start in life. If they can in a scheme for doing this the County Council will be reformers and benefactors.

## D INK AND RED TAPE.

Recent issue of military orders at Aden mentioned the following notice:—

**NOTIFICATION.—589.** The G.O.C. sanctioned the purchase locally of a bottle of red ink under the financial powers granted to him by R.L. (Army Regulations, India). Vol. I, Para. 6 (ii) and 7 (ii).

Orders have included many ridiculous tales of the stupidity of our military men, but we never recollect seeing a more ridiculous one than this. That a penny bottle of ink should not be purchasable by order of the General Officer Commanding is incredible if one did not know the lack of businesslike method which pervades the Army through and through. Such a thing about nothing would be laughed at in any grocery-store.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Love are the two essential instincts of humanity. The love of Order and the love of Kindness.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**THE KING OF PORTUGAL**, when he has entertained the Royal Family at luncheon, will bid farewell to England to-day, after a visit during which he has won everybody's esteem, and borne, with imperturbable patience, every variety of unpleasant weather which the frigid north could present to him. Let us hope that he will forgive our climate for the sake of our good intentions. Anyhow, he has expressed his satisfaction in the most generous terms—the word is used in a financial as well as the ordinary sense. King Carlos, in fact, has been generous not only in compliments.

He is said to have spent £20,000 in "tips" and presents for those who have crossed his path. It has proved a path literally strewn with gold! How is it possible to spend £20,000 in tips? Well, there were innumerable servants at each of the country houses visited by King Carlos. Cheques ranging in value from £5 to £50 had to be distributed amongst these. Then there is the royal physician, who receives, happy man, the sum of £1,000 for his services. There are detectives next, unpleasantly necessary people, who receive from £100 to £500 for watching the King. And when one hears that nearly all these officials, and many others, received presents as well as their

tips, one begins to fear that there must be an aching void in King Carlos's pocket, as well as in our hearts, at losing him.

The people of Ely are about to lose their popular and venerable Bishop. The Right Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton is just about to retire after a long career in the service of the Church. The Bishop is an uncle of the Marquis of Northampton. In spite of the fact that he is nearly eighty years old, he is still an energetic and robust-looking man. He had an important duty to perform at the Coronation ceremony, and carried himself with all the dignity and noble bearing of some old Prince-Bishop of the olden time.

The Bishop must not be confused with the other Lord Alwyne Compton, who is brother to Lord Northampton and M.P. for North Bedfordshire. He it was who came very prominently into public notice by raising a force of mounted men called "Compton's Horse" for service in South Africa. "Compton's Horse" had a curious history. When Lord Alwyne returned from the war he was alone. All his men had been divided and distributed during the campaign and attached to separate forces. Finally, their commander, finding he had only himself left to command, returned to his political work in England.

Among the marked successes at yesterday's Ballad Concert in St. James's Hall was that of Miss Nannie Tout, who gave last week a most remarkable performance in Gluck's opera, "Alceste," done by the Royal College of Music. Miss Tout is a singularly talented young singer. Although she is only just nineteen, she has already made her name known in America as well as in England. She is a native of Ogden, Utah.

Miss Tout has had the honour of appearing before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace. This experience she found "delightful." Queen Alexandra listened to her with the greatest interest, asked her any number of kind questions about herself and her career, and made a complete conquest of the young singer's heart. Miss Tout cabled an account of the interview to her American friends in America, who regarded it as a final consecration of her success.

It is not altogether surprising to learn that Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P. for Romford, has distinguished himself by ejecting an undesirable footman from his house at Hampstead—an act which the magistrate declared to be quite justifiable. Mr. Sinclair looks, in fact, quite capable of such feats of violence. His appearance faintly suggests Sandow, and he is still only forty-two. But Mr. Sinclair has not given himself solely to the cult of muscle. He has travelled all over the world to make himself an authority on commerce and a very useful member of Parliament. He puts on no "side," and does not know what "freezing formality" means. Consequently he is a very popular man.

His popularity is not confined to this country either. He has had so much to do with the "Entente Cordiale" demonstrations that he is a favourite in Paris as well. Nearly all French deputies know his engaging personality, and call him "one of us best." When he took a party of British M.P.s over to France, his clever wife was a great help to him. While he looked after the men, she looked after the women.

Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) is the latest well-known person to turn her attentions to trade. And why not? As she says herself, there is no reason why it should be considered degrading for an author to make money by trade as well as writing. As a matter of fact, it is quite the smart thing to sell something or other on the streets. Mr. Stannard has turned her attention to toilet secrets, and a hair grower, a hair dressing, and a skin lotion are to be bought under her name. The trade-mark for the hair grower is charming. It is a kitten by Louis Wain, with the legend, "Since using the hair-food I have grown into a Persian."

If ever Devonshire House is sold we shall hear the news from the Duke's people. Until then all rumours must be disregarded. At all events, this fine site on the highest part of Piccadilly is not at all likely to be cut up into building lots during the present Duke's lifetime. The extensive view from the house, by the way, led to a curious system of signalling in the days gone by. Certain lights used to be shown when dinner was ready. These could be seen from the Houses of Parliament, and the then Duke used at once to start for home.

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 10.—ACorns have been very plentiful this year, much to the delight of the squirrels, who have been busily hiding their winter store for some time. Blackbirds and thrushes are now more in evidence in the garden, robbing the yew of its luscious berries.

Shilly now the tomcats pick up the crumbs greedy robins let fall from my "birds' breakfast-table," eyeing jealously their pushful brethren.

Recent frosts have kept the moles in the background. They are often very troublesome in country gardens, as they burrow under the soil in search of food. In severe winters many die, the hard ground compelling them to join the unemployed.

E. F. T.

## "MORE TO COME YET."



The fishes cannot make out what the alien invasion of their peaceful ocean depths by Russian warships can mean. Unless the Baltic Fleet is recalled they are likely to have further reason for wonder before long.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## The Duke of Bedford.

HE owns Covent Garden, about which there is so much talk just now, and he owns a great deal more land round there, too. He would like to see the Opera go somewhere else, and its place taken by the market. Long Acre and Bloomsbury are among his possessions, and even without the market are very well able to make up the losses which he contends he has on his country lands.

Half-way between forty and fifty, he is much more an example of the old type of aristocrat than he looks. He does not like notoriety; he values his rank to the very fullest, and he is exceedingly courteous. By no means a modern type.

His ideas are quite feudal. In Covent Garden Market they will tell you that he not only owns the market itself, but the atmosphere above it. That is because he did not like the idea of having telephone wires across it—unless he were paid.

He started life in the Guards, where he saw a battle, and earned two nicknames. He was called "Rousseau" because he was so serious, and "Hat-band" because his name was Herbert.

In his public capacity he has made some really serious speeches, which have moved his friends to say that he is a future Prime Minister, and he has been mayor of Holborn.

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

## Night in the Woods.

THE woods are never still. Even the blackest winter night does not bring peace, for though the day creatures may be asleep, the night creatures are about.

Everywhere is sound. Above, the breezes waft to and fro through the bare and groaning branches of the great trees. Every now and then some small branch breaks with a shrill crack which rings out clear in the night.

Below, there is life in plenty. The wood is moving with it. On the ground at one's feet there is a steady rustling of the leaves, for below them, and on them, run innumerable rats and mice seeking berries and carrion, even the mole is about.

From the distance comes the shrill cry of a rabbit, plaintive and piercing, caught by some wren or stoat. But the cries soon grow fainter as his life-blood is sucked away by the captor. Then from quite near at hand comes the bark of a fox, and from the distance the answer of his fellow.

Stay still enough, and even the great white owl will come swooping past like some lost spirit, uttering ever and anon his wailing cry, as he goes in search of the mice and rats, who, in their turn, are hunting food.

Perhaps, too, you may hear the stealthy tread of a poacher, as he hunts his prey in the darkness, and catch the sudden disturbed fluttering as the birds learn of his presence.

No, the woods are never still. Day and night the circle of life and death goes on.

The Professor: In order to box really well you must have a vocation.

The Student: What about provocation,—"La Sourire" (French).



# CAMERA TELLS TO-DAY'S STORY.

## WAR CORRESPONDENTS AS DOCTORS.



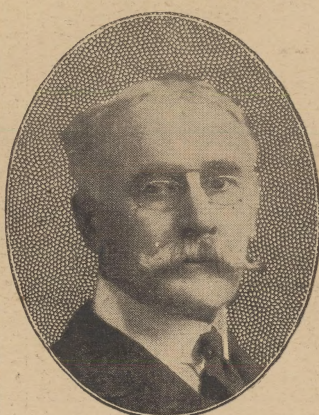
War correspondents doing a little Red Cross work on their own account, after some heavy fighting near Port Arthur. — (J. H. Hare, "Collier's Weekly.")

## LOST TWO SONS.



General Baron Nogi, the man who is attacking Port Arthur. His eldest son was killed at Nanshan, and his second son has just been killed at the attack on Metre Hill at Port Arthur. He is now childless.

## £50,000 FOR WIDOWS.



Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, formerly M.P. for Gainsborough. He has said that he will bank £50,000 to secure the Nelson Tea widows from loss. — (Elliott and Fry.)

## PENTECOSTAL DANCERS AT CAMBERWELL.



The Pentecostal Dancers at the Camberwell Baths, taken at a moment of intense religious fervour during the singing of the "Burning Bush" waltz. The sister on the right of the picture seems in the throes of religious ecstasy.

## M. GABRIEL SYVETON.



The Nationalist Deputy, who assaulted General André in the French Chamber, has been discovered asphyxiated in his study. The tap of the gas stove was turned on and the chimney filled with a newspaper.

## SAD WELSH TRAGEDY.

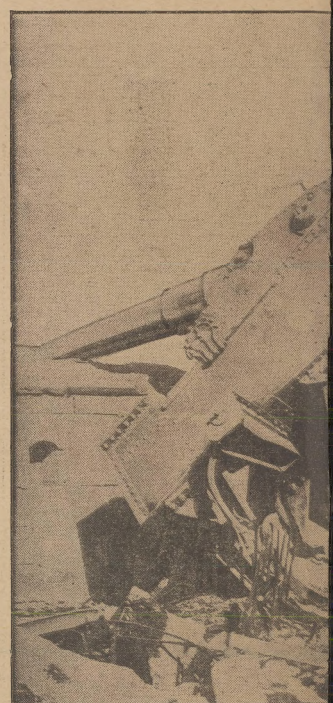


Mabel Payne, the elder of the two sisters, who was drowned with her younger sister—



—Gertrude, when attempting to cross the River Ogmore, near Brynmenyn, Glamorgan.

## RUINED SIEGE



The huge guns which the Japanese have brought to the Russians at Port Arthur have caused enormous damage. The gun shown was completely wrecked.

## THE RESULT OF THE



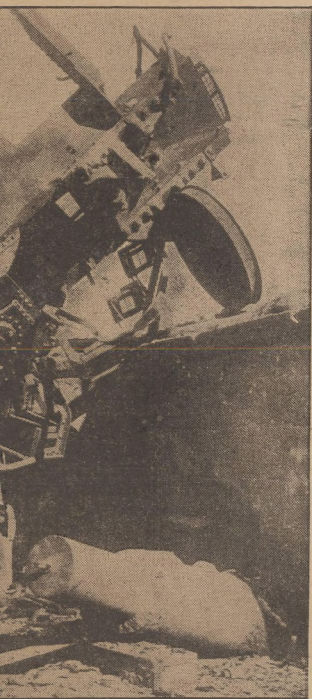
The effect of the vigorous preaching of the revivalist has visited. This photograph shows the result of the revivalist's exhortation.



# A·DAY'S·HAPPENINGS·



## PORT ARTHUR.



on the forts now remaining in the hands of  
e. This photograph shows a gun which  
ombardment by the Japs.

## REVIVALIST'S TEACHING.

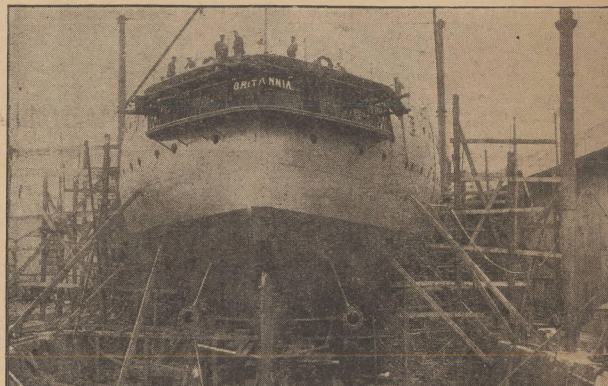


s is seen in every district which the Welsh  
miners at the pit mouth listening to the  
r number.

## LADY LONDONDERRY TO LAUNCH H.M.S. BRITANNIA.



The Marchioness of Londonderry, who will launch H.M.S. Britannia at Portsmouth to-day.—(Lafayette.)



The battleship Britannia in the slips. Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, will be present when the Marchioness of Londonderry launches this great ship at Portsmouth to-day.—(Cribb, Southsea.)

## VICAR'S ROMANCE.



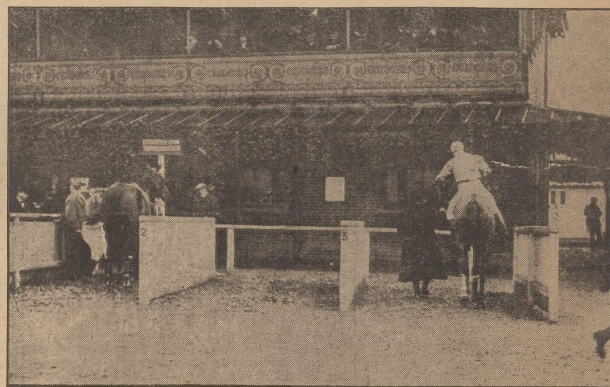
Thirty years ago, Rev. John Freeman, then vicar of Woodkirk, near Leeds, christened a little girl. When she grew up he fell in love with her, and the pair have just been married at Hove.

## CHILD INTERPRETER.



Louisa Klinezynsky, the Polish girl of thirteen years, who was the only person who could act as interpreter to the witnesses at a Stepney inquest, who could speak nothing but Lithuanian.

## GATWICK'S INNOVATION.



To obviate the protests and trouble caused by jockeys dismounting at the wrong place, the Gatwick racecourse officials have erected pens, as seen in the above photograph.

## NO MORE SHOUTING.



The new gong which is now being adopted by the London Fire Brigade. "Hi! Hi!" the cry of the men of the brigade, will soon be heard no more.

## LOCK-KEEPER RETIRES.



Mr. William Turner, who has just handed in his resignation after nearly twenty-five years' service as keeper of Boulter's Lock.

# THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,  
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."  
PERSONS OF THE STORY.

ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.  
LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.  
HARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, and of this her husband is still ignorant.  
LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.  
ROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. He has been invited to a secret dinner party by Lady Gascoyne.  
GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying. She believes his statement that he was wrongfully convicted.  
H. MORDAUNT, a friend of the Gascoynes, who has given way to drink. Gertrude is in love with him.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII. The Question—Once Again.

Unhappy Lady Gascoyne made an effort to turn her up such fragments of dignity as she could. Her first words were half mechanical, were the words which would fly instinctively to the lips of most any woman who had bestowed a mistaken grace in the darkness.

"I—I thought," she murmured hurriedly, in a broken voice, "that you were my husband."

"Lucky husband," he answered, with a sneering laugh. It was the first time that he had not thrown off the veil of an external courtesy. A tyrannical power over the woman had been made possible for her only by the pretence of gentleness on either side. No painful allusions had been made, and even demand the man had pressed had been vaguely hinted through a mist of direct expressions. That cynical laugh of his lent asunder the flimsy veil. It brought the face to face with the reality of their position.

Lady Gascoyne's eyes grew wild with fear.

"She made a hasty step towards the faint light which showed where the open door was, but the heavy door closed between her and him."

"Let me go, Mr. Somerton," she pleaded. "It is very dangerous for you to have come here. My hand might turn up to any moment."

"He laughed again, and her teeth chattered as he heard him."

"You forget," he said, "that Mr. Justice Gascoyne would only be delighted to find me here. I am quite sure that you have made him feel that the acquaintance of Mr. Somerton would be an acquisition. Am I not right in thinking that he would give me the most cordial welcome?"

Somerton spoke in his ordinary voice. He seemed utterly indifferent as to whether he were covered or not. He struck a match. The terrified Lady Gascoyne knocked it from his hand.

"It might be seen," she whispered earnestly. "You can see a light through vines. Are you not?"

His answer was to strike another. He held it high overhead, and looked down on her white, shivering face. Then he slowly lighted the cigarette between his lips. When all was darkness again, save for a little spot of glowing fire, he turned her that he was very far indeed from being afraid.

"I don't particularly mind," he said slowly, "being discovered in this beautiful place on this lovely summer evening with the charming Lady Gascoyne. I consider myself very fortunate to have found you here. My lucky star has brought me ladyship out for an evening stroll."

She covered under his savage irony, and could not force her tongue to frame the question which smelted on the tip. Though she was well aware at this man knew that she had an appointment with Richard Deverill she could not force herself to admit it. A useless, idle reticence it was—but it she could not break through it. It was he who volunteered the information.

"Our friend Deverill," he said, "was thinking a little stroll in this direction, but I suggested to him that he really ought not to overdo himself. He's been out all day, you know, and I'm afraid a poor chap was quite wearied out. He jumped my suggestion to take his place—was rather revel, I fancy."

Lady Gascoyne's heart died within her. Desperately had almost aroused her to the point of defying Somerton to do his worst, to go to her husband that moment and make what disclosures he might choose. In the meantime, she would be flying towards Richard Deverill—would say to him, "You were right, after all. I cannot bear this any longer. Let us go." She could not do it now. To go this man under any circumstances, to take his place at that rendezvous was a slight so gross at it seemed intended to mark an intention to get her.

"No doubt," said Mr. Somerton, after he had waited an instant for some comment from her on the detection of Richard Deverill, "you wished to

see him about me. Have you some good news? Am I to be received as the friend of Sir Alanson Gascoyne?"

He knocked the ashes from his cigarette as he spoke and deliberately leaned near her, throwing a faint light on her face. She was staring in his direction with an expression so terrified that he saw there was danger of her fainting or otherwise losing command of herself. His tone instantly became a little softer, as he suggested that she take a seat and tell him quietly what she had to say. He would not detain her long, he said.

Somerton, in fact, regretted that he had begun this conversation so brutally. Several things had conspired that evening to excite his violent temper, and he had come to that interview in an almost uncontrollable rage.

Slightly reassured by his new manner, Lady Gascoyne begged for permission to go. Her husband was waiting for her; she had only escaped for one minute; she could not talk about these things to him; she would send him a letter, a message; she would see him the next day. She was ready to promise anything in her eagerness to escape.

"You have had bad news," he said; "you have spoken of me to Judge Gascoyne?"

She murmured a hesitating affirmative.

"I thought it would be so," he answered quietly. "Don't be upset about that, Lady Gascoyne, it was only a try-on. Pull yourself together, and tell me everything that has happened. Be perfectly frank, and then I shall know how to take the next step."

She told him in hurried words what her husband had said, softening his expressions, but making it clear that he not only declined to believe in the sincerity of Somerton's change of heart, but that he also absolutely refused to receive him, and forbade his wife and his sister to see him again.

"Pretty complete," muttered Mr. Somerton when the recital was finished. "Now, you know, old men, Lady Gascoyne, might throw up the sponge—but not I. I can see from the way you tell me that you've done your best. You are not to blame for your failure."

Even for this she was grateful. She had feared an outburst of anger, a bitter lashing from that cynical, ruthless tongue.

"The point is about Gertrude. You say that he has not spoken directly to her. She still believes in me, then?"

"Oh, yes, yes. She does not even know yet that he has absolutely forbidden her to speak to you. She thinks it quite natural that a judge would take a severe view of a girl who would do him no harm for harshness; at the same time, she still has confidence in you."

"By Jove," he cried, "you have managed a difficult situation with your usual brilliant tact, Lady Gascoyne. Now the problem is, how to proceed without his knowing anything about it. In the country everything that one does is known. Your nimble wits have surely not been idle. Haven't you thought out something?"

"Yes, I have made the next move."

She said the words slowly, reluctantly. The new and brutal side of this man, which had been exposed to her for an undug five minutes, had opened her eyes, nothing else could have done so, which she was endeavouring to prepare for Gertrude Gascoyne. Gertrude had shown such a sincere interest in him, and he had played his part so well, that she began to believe that he might after all achieve his end.

"I have suggested," she continued in a faltering voice, "to Gertrude that she needs a change."

"And where will she go?"

"She's very independent, you know—she's fond of travelling on her own."

"The very thing," he cried. "If she goes yachting I cannot follow. If she goes to Scotland to some country house she is equally inaccessible to me."

"I have thought of all that. She is restless, unhappy. She is in a mood—oh, quite unusual for her, I assure you—to be easily led. I could suggest Switzerland, or the Tyrol—"

"Won't do," he interrupted. "It's like being in England. You meet people that know you on every glacier, and at the foot of every mountain. Has she ever expressed a fancy for the Pyrenees?"

"I know them well," answered Lady Gascoyne. "I think I could arouse her interest."

"The Pyrenees, be it, then," he cried, "and if she finds me waiting one evening at the door of some romantic and secluded little inn, it might pass perhaps for one of those curious coincidences that happen so often in life, and which we all think so impossible when we read of them in books."

The picture of Gertrude alone in the wilds of the Pyrenees, at the mercy of Harold Somerton, made Lady Gascoyne tremble with a sickening dread—but her own dangers, her fears for herself, and her own position, made her thrust ruthlessly aside all consideration for the girl who was to be made, if she could arrange it, a sacrifice which should expiate her own misdeeds.

"Very well, then," said Somerton, flinging down his cigarette and putting his heel on the light, "I shall hear from you within a day or two, I dare say."

Lady Gascoyne heaved a deep sigh of relief. The man was actually going.

Five minutes later Lady Gascoyne opened the door of the library. She heard the cheery voice of her husband and the merry, boyish laughter of her son. She set her face to a smile, and entered.

"Ah, here you are," cried the Judge, "now don't stop here in the smoke. Come, Roddie, we are in for a moonlight stroll."

"Where have you been, mother," cried the little laddie. "I've been looking all over for you!"

The boy bent his head on his mother's shoulder as they stepped out on to the lawn. He pressed his head closer and drew in a long breath.

"Who's been here—who have you been talking to—Egyptian cigarettes, I can smell them?"

"Nonsense," she answered, as her husband clasped her other arm, and the three strolled down the path in the flood of moonlight.

"Not nonsense, at all," he laughed; "own up, mother. Your beautiful soft dress gives you away."

"I feel ever so much better, Alanson," she cried hurriedly, "and I know you would like your pipe. Run in and get it, Roddie."

"Yes, I am always so thoughtful of me," said the Judge, as the boy disappeared.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "I've dropped my pocket."

The Judge bent over and picked it up. She thus prevented him from bending over closer to her, as she felt that he had intended to do. He did not notice the faint, elusive, characteristic odour of the Turkish tobacco which comes from Egyptian cigarettes.

In the meantime Harold Somerton was leisurely making his way along moon-bathed lanes towards Deverill's house.

Is the game worth the candle? he was asking himself. "Even if it isn't, there is the fun of playing it. I can get even, through these two people, for every slight the world has put upon me. There's something after all in making the great Lady Gascoyne dance to my tune, in forcing the dignified Mr. Deverill, who fancies himself so much, to jump at my command. Now, what was the matter with him this afternoon? I wonder? What happened to him—and how is he going to take what I shall tell him? Bah, what do I care how he takes it?"

He rang the bell, finding the latch down, and Deverill's valet opened to him.

"How is he?" he asked.

"Better, sir. He's lying down in the dining-room."

"Well, old man," he cried as he entered the room, "is it anything serious?"

"No," answered Deverill faintly, moving slightly with considerable pain. "I had a fall from my bicycle."

"And a worse one when you got to the house?"

"Yes, I was dazed. I struck the door post, I think. There's a lump on my head as big as an egg. I must have been unconscious over an hour."

Deverill did not tell the truth about his accident. Hugh Mordaunt had learned that Somerton was staying at his house, had picked up quite casually, as one will in a country place, the knowledge that Lady Gascoyne and Gertrude had gone there to tea. He had met Deverill accidentally, and had protested in no measured words. His protest had been met by a haughty inquiry as to what right he had to concern himself in such a matter. Both men had promptly lost their tempers, and had quickly come to blows—with the result we have seen.

"Don't worry yourself about missing your little appointment," said Somerton suavely, "I kept it for you."

"You—how did you know about it?"

"There was only one way, of course," answered Somerton, as he sat down at the table and helped himself to a whisky and soda. "I helped to lift you into the house. A little metal dropped out of your pocket. You had put a pencil dot over every fifth word. I took the liberty of representing you. No—sit still; you see, you're like a washed-out rag, and there's no use in our having a row. I did precisely the right thing."

Deverill closed his weary eyes, and muttered a curse on this terrible interloper. It marked the end for him, of course. That Rosamond should thus have been exposed to a secret meeting with this unscrupulous man was not to be borne. She must be forced, if necessary, to go away openly with him. Sad as this alternative was, it was less grave than to live under a tyranny so unscrupulous. He would seek her by hook or by crook the next day and compel her to do as he wished. He blamed himself bitterly for having yielded so long to her wishes. In the meantime he must pretend patience.

"It was mighty lucky I went," said Somerton. "The jig is up here. His High Mightiness, Mr. Justice Gascoyne, has positively refused to have anything to do with your humble servant. Your humble servant, like a wise man, knows when he is beaten, thanks you for your kind hospitality, and decamps."

Deverill's look of relief was so marked that Somerton burst into a cynical laugh.

"You do not look," he said, "as though you are particularly grieved over losing your guest. I shall only bore you for a day or so longer. Lady Gascoyne has been kind enough to promise me a little message. I understand that her sister-in-law has been overtaken by a sudden fit of restlessness, and intends to travel."

"And you will follow?"

"Naturally."

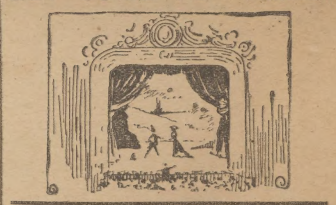
Deverill groaned. So that was how Rosamond had saved the situation. How could he allow her to do it?

Once again the question was squarely put to him. "Choose between us—which shall be sacrificed, Gertrude, or me?" He could seem to hear Rosamond saying this.

(To be continued.)

NOTE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND PRIZES—Up to 1000 in value. The Great Value MAGNIFICENT Special of the Gold Jewellery, Silver Goods, and Watches. It will pay you to purchase direct from the Manufacturers, 251 City Road, London, E.C. 2. Liverpool—27, Fleet-street, 63, St. Paul's Churchyard; 276-277, Pentonville-road, London—(Advt.)

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MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

TO H.M. THE KING.

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## "SPECIAL"

### SCOTCH WHISKY

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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It is folly to boil your wash. That question was settled several years ago.

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# OUR SATURDAY STORY

## "ALL THROUGH ILL-TEMPER."

Ill-temper always deplorable? Not a bit of it. If I hadn't had a bad temper I should be in the workhouse. Let me tell the story of my little Chinese god.

He stood just eight inches high in his porcelain boots; he was the funniest little fellow you ever saw. I had known him all my life, for he had belonged to Uncle Henry, who had brought him home from China. He had always kept his place on Uncle Henry's writing-table as a sort of household god. My uncle could not write without him.

All I knew of the history of the "mascot" was that he was uncle's share of the loot of the Summer Palace at Peking, when it was sacked by our troops and sailors during our war with China in 1860. It was there that uncle got the wound in his leg that made him retire from the Navy.

It was from Uncle Henry that I acquired a taste for writing, I suppose, and because I liked him so much I liked my cousin Phyllis, too; and in due course Phyllis and I got married. Three months after we had all settled down happily to live together, Uncle Henry died.

He died quite suddenly; for Phyllis and I, going out for a stroll one evening, left him sitting at his table apparently in his usual health. We returned in less than half an hour's time to find him still sitting at his table, stone dead, with the little god grinning at him as usual.

Thus our trouble commenced. Phyllis fell seriously ill from the shock of her husband's death. For several long weeks my life was shadowed by the fear that she would follow him.

Then I broke down from worry and overwork, and spent a month on my back counting the dots on the wall-paper and the tiles on the ceiling. While I wondered what was to become of us, Uncle Henry's pension and annuity ceased with his life, and I only had what I could earn. All that poor Uncle Henry could leave his daughter was his sword and a little furniture. My share of the estate was left to the little Chinese god "to help me in my writing."

I could not find that I derived much benefit from the inspiration gained from the leering, grinning little figure. His presence on my table rather served to disarrange my thoughts. Whenever I lifted my eyes there was that artful, oily

smile to disconcert me. To my mind he seemed to be grinning at our misfortunes. I began to hate him.

Once or twice I reached out my hand to pick up and shatter his oily face and fat, round, shining stomach against the wall. Only the thought that Uncle Henry had specially written in his will that I was to have the care of the little brute, and that Phyllis set great store by him as one of her father's treasures, dissuaded me.

By the time that Phyllis and I were about again it was near Xmas. Our small stock of money had dwindled away to next to nothing. The bill of the butcher and the baker had mounted up to an alarming total. It was very cold weather, and neither of us had really warm clothes. Furthermore, the doctor had warned me that an absolute rest and change was necessary to both of us. Where that rest and change were to be obtained I could not see, unless it was to be in the workhouse.

Worse still, my brain was dull and heavy from the results of my illness. My pen refused to produce anything but the most commonplace, dreary stuff.

My temper grew chafed and irritable. Often it took all my self-command to avoid venting it on Phyllis, who, to my anxious eyes, seemed to grow thinner and paler daily. In these dark days I hated the grinning little god worse than ever.

At last, to put myself out of the reach of temptation, I placed him away on a shelf of my bookcase, and gave instructions that he was not to be replaced on the table.

The very next morning I entered the room to find him standing in his accustomed place, on a pile of unpaid bills, looking as though damning letters were the best joke in the world.

I had reached the limits of my forbearance. My heart swelled in an uncontrollable burst of irritation. I seized him and flung him against the wall.

"What are you doing, darling?" gasped

Phyllis, as she ran in and stood aglance at the scene of destruction. "Oh, Ted, Ted," she continued, reproachfully, "you've broken the little god!"

"I meant to," I said shortly.

"But, oh, Ted, what made you do such a thing?"

"His smile worried me," I replied.

Phyllis regarded me doubtfully. She had not yet grasped the fact that literary men, above all others, are subject to fits of irritability. Very likely she thought I was going mad.

She made no further comment, and stooped to pick up the fragments. Suddenly I heard her gasp with astonishment.

"Ted—quickly—look—jewels," she said.

She held up her hand, and a fragment of the broken god that she held in her fingers glowed and sparkled as though on fire.

"Glass," I suggested. Hopé had been humbugging me lately. I was not going to take any chances of fresh disappointment.

"No, they are diamonds," said Phyllis; "real diamonds, and here's another and another," she added, as she cradled the pieces there on the carpet. "And here's an emerald and a ruby! And, oh, Ted, here's a diamond as big as a pigeon's egg!"

She struggled to her feet, and, opening her hand, poured the gems on to the table.

There was no doubt about it. They were real gems. My bad temper had made us, in a moment, rich instead of poor. Then we laughed till we cried, as we thought how we had worried over the butcher's bill while this treasure-house stood on my table all the time.

No wonder the little god laughed. We laughed, too, now, in sympathy. He must have held a fair share of the crown jewels of the Chinese Emperor, for the gems which he was packed with all choice specimens, such as Aladdin might have found in his wonderful cave. My original estimate, which put their value at £50,000, I soon found to be a very low one.

"Oh, Ted," gasped Phyllis, when I came back from Hatton-garden, "now you can have a new overcoat for Christmas Day."

Now, wasn't that just like a woman?

## A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. T. de WITT TALMAGE.

When Lot had resolved to leave the doomed city of Sodom, an angel seized him, pushed him on, and urged him forward, crying: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed." In the morning there was a flame in the sky, the roaring, crackling hurricane of God's wrath, and Sodom shrieked its last curse and died.

My friends, God hates sin just as much now as he did in the day of Sodom, and we must leave it, not with the snail's pace, but at the top of our speed, the angel that helped Lot meantime taking us by the arms and crying in our ears: "Escape for thy life!"

The story of Lot suggests urgency on the part of all those who would induce people out of their sins. Was the angel polite? Did he coolly and formally invite Lot and his wife to leave the city? No; he seized hold of them and pushed them on with irresistible force. The angel was in earnest. Suppose you are on a blind man on a rail-track and a train coming. Would you go up to him and say: "My dear friend, a locomotive invented by James Watt is making very rapid revolutions towards the place where you are, and unless you change your course of pedestrianism it will soon be decided which of the two is the stronger?" Oh, no; men are not so stolid about temporal peril. You would cry "Get out of the way!" And yet we use circumlocution and caution when spiritual and eternal disasters are coming on in long trains, flying swiftly as the hours, ready to crush for ever.

Men tarry in the plain of sin and say, "We will repent on our death-beds." But do they? The last sickness is occupied partly in the expectation of getting well, partly in delirium and stupidity. I think that the poorest place on earth for repentance is a death-bed.

Tarry not in the plain, but start, like Lot, for the mountains of safety at once.

## A WINTER PICTURE.

The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods, Wisely regardless of the embroiling sky, In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man His annual visit. Half afraid, he first Against the window beats; then brisk alights On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor, Eyes all the family as he goes, And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is; Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs Attract his slender feet.

Thomson, author of "The Seasons."

## "RUSTY IRON."

General Stoessel, the Hero of Port Arthur and the World.

"Rusty Iron" is General Stoessel's nickname among the soldiers. It means that he does not care about appearances, but that he has an inflexible will.

When he was a boy, he "drilled and bullied" all the children of his village-school. This experience came in useful when, as a young man, he volunteered to help Bulgaria against Turkey. He took a hundred peasants in hand, and by drilling and bullying combined, turned them into really fine soldiers.

It must not be supposed, though, that he is unpopular. On the contrary, his men adore him. He is never above showing them how to do a thing if he sees they really do not know. One day, at Port Arthur, he came across a sapper who could not use a spade properly. He did not abuse the man. He just took the spade and taught him what to do with it.

His officers rather fear than like him. Few of them are capable of appreciating his fine qualities. They remember that he forbade them to drink or gamble, and discouraged smoking on duty because the men could not share this pleasure. They forget why he took these measures, so necessary in the garrison's interest.

He has fought a splendid fight, and the whole world honours him.

A portrait of General Stoessel appears on page 1.

## RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN ITALY.

The religious excitement in Wales cannot compare with that which has been taking place upon the Continent. It started in Italy, and then passed to France, where it is now at its height.

Three missionaries opened a revival campaign at the village of Putignano. The meetings were crowded. After working his hearers up to a state of frenzy, one of the missionaries suddenly ordered all women to leave the building. With arms wildly waving he pointed to the door. "Go," he shouted, "while we men chastise ourselves with cords."

Almost before the women had passed the doors the men set to work.

## THE NEWEST WAR PICTURES.

This morning's issue of the "Illustrated London News" contains a special Port Arthur Supplement, from which our illustration on page 1 is taken. The photographs show better than any which have been published, so far, the tremendous difficulties which the Japanese have surmounted. Almost all the pictures are taken within the zone of the Russian shells. There are also a number of views of the actual fighting along the Sha-ho, which must have been nervous work for the holder of the camera.



## TICKET-CLIPPING.

Why do the railway companies waste the energies of their men and annoy their passengers by the absurd and useless system of clipping tickets?

It is an antiquated survival of a past formality. Don't railway directors ever think—or travel on the Tube?

Lennox-gardens, S.W.

VERONIQUE.

## "UNCOMFORTABLY" TALL.

I am a little over 6ft. high, but I cannot understand why this should attract so much unpleasant attention to me.

In trains I seem an everlasting source of amusement to my fellow-travellers. When I walk about I hear rude remarks, and people turn their heads after they have passed me to stare.

Has this nation lost its manner altogether? Grove Park. A TALL WOMAN.

## "BILL BAILEY" DEFENDED.

Your remarks about the sailors singing "Bill Bailey" in the water, whilst not directly implying barbarism on the sailors' part, do not fall far short.

What would you have men sing after twenty minutes' immersion in icy water—"Shepherd of Souls" or "The Lost Chord"?

A MERE ATOM.

H.M.S. Vernon, Portsmouth.

## THE ALIEN PEST.

If only a few of your thousands of West End readers could glance along the Commercial-road East one Saturday evening and see how the street corners are infested with the "British workman's ruin" I am sure an outcry would be raised, and something done to put a stop to this increase of undesirables. As it is, East Enders take it too much lying down. J. GIBBS.

37, Wyvill-street, E.

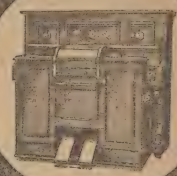
## A QUERY FOR FARMERS.

Why is it the quality of cow's milk differs from day to day, as a case you have just reported shows?

Ought they to be milked until the lactical secretion ceases naturally (until they become "dry"), or only while the quality of the milk keeps up to a certain standard?

It is, of course, well known that stimulating food and the act of milking prolong the secretion unnaturally—i.e., much longer than the calf would be allowed to withdraw it.

Perhaps some of your readers can explain. Bournemouth. VACCUS.



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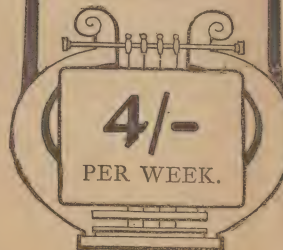
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# NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF FASHION—BECOMING HEAD-GEAR FOR FANCY DRESS BALLS.

## THE MARCH OF THE MODES.

### WONDERFUL EFFECTS IN BROCADED VELVETS.

We are very lucky in our materials this winter. The supple cloths include the cashmeres, old friends revived, and satin cloth is back in our midst again.

The fancy velvets and silks are legion, and many of them are beautiful in their old-world patterns, though it should be remembered that it is more difficult to make them up successfully than the one-tone materials. Many of the new ones have scattered over them little designs in the shape of discs, squares, dots, and so forth, and the brocade velvets often carry out these same ideas, with the velvet figures so close together that the foundation hardly shows.

#### Triumph of the Dyers.

Most artistic colour schemes are developed in velvet and velveteen, as, for example, in the material used for one frock seen lately. The general effect was almond-green, but the brocade ground was an almost imperceptible mixture of green and chestnut-browns, over which were thickly showered velvet discs of almond-green. Velvets in tiny checks are offered in charming colours, and checked silks also are worn, but since the latter were so much seen during the summer, they look a little too cool for present use.

Our winter costumes would be nothing without our belts, which give the finishing touch to every pretty scheme. The new leather belts show the influence of tucks and gaugings, for the soft suedes are puckered in tiny folds so that they bear just the appearance of gauging. Buckles are seen on

every kind of leather belt, usually both in front and at the back.

Among the ribbon belts the radium and the gold and silver gauzes prevail, and there is a new ribbon in every shade of orange, which looks like a shimmer of gold when it is crushed up into a girdle.

Never have novelties in millinery been so numerous as at this present moment. There are large shapes simply trimmed and depending on the beauty of their outline. There are others volu-

of ribbon rosettes in the new shades of tamarind—a scheme that would be eminently becoming to a brunette.

### ORANGE FILLING FOR CAKE.

**COOKED FILLING.**—Stir together the juice and grated rind of two sour oranges, two cupful of sugar, and two tablespoonsful of water. Heat this in a double boiler, and add to it the well-beaten

The season of fancy-dress balls and head parties is about to begin. When the perruquiers want inspiration for a wonderful head-dress like the one in the accompanying picture, they go to the York and Tudor periods, when women wore extravagant caps. The one shown here is made of pearls, and has an enormous bow of stiffened silk loops latticed with pearls, the whole completed by a long gauze veil.



minously ornamented with feathers of all descriptions. Then there are also smaller and most becoming forms for those to whom the larger ones do not appeal, and yet an intermediate fashion that is most useful for general wear.

A very picturesque hat seen the other day on a well-dressed woman was built of ermine and Irish lace. The sides of the brim were caught together and on the left side appeared a marabout egrette

of two eggs. Let this thicken, and before taking it from the fire whip into it the beaten white of one egg. Let the mixture cool, then spread it between the cake layers, using the white of the second egg for the icing.

**UNCOOKED FILLING.**—Beat the yolk of an egg with one cupful of powdered sugar and the juice of two sweet oranges; then add a tablespoonful of

## X LA MAISON MAYER X

WILL HOLD  
THEIR ANNUAL  
**SALE**

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**HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL,**  
MARLBORNE ROAD, N.W.

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HANDSOME DINNER GOWNS,  
AND  
SMART TAILOR-MADE  
COSTUMES

AT  
**ABSURDLY LOW PRICES.**

X Several of the Models are for stout figures, and everything altered to fit perfectly, without extra charge. X

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Apply a match to the PATENT  
**'COLUMBUS'**  
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Push it under grate or stove, and  
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CLEANEST WAY  
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LONDON, E.C.,  
and all Leading  
Stores.  
AGENTS WANTED.  
Special terms to  
the Trade.

### Soap News

Fels-Naptha saves half the labour of washing and half the wear on clothes.

Other soap is an expense.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C

## EXCELLENT SWEETMEATS.

No Christmas stocking is complete without a supply of Mackintosh's toffee, which has been dubbed by connoisseurs in good things the most delicious sweetmeat ever made. That it is pure and wholesome, as well as delectable, the most careful mother may feel absolutely certain, and as all doctors agree that children should be given sweet things, because they require sugar as one form of nourishment, there is no reason why even a nursery that is conducted on the strictest principles should not possess its Mackintosh's toffee. Another very good bon-bon from the same source is called the Old-fashioned Treacle Toffee, which grown-up people, as well as youngsters, will find excellent, and also very advantageous to the health.

### PREPARED MUSTARD.

To one heaping tablespoonful of raw mustard allow one tablespoonful of sugar, one saltspoonful each of salt and flour, and a gentle shake of red and black pepper. Mix these ingredients well, and rub them smooth in a bowl with a little cold water. Set it on the stove where the heat is moderate, and add gradually a teacupful of boiling water. Cook it slowly, stirring it constantly, and take it off in twenty minutes. If a sour flavour is liked stir in a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice. Then beat in while hot a lump of butter and a tablespoonful of cream. The product should be thick, smooth, spongy-sour and pleasant to the taste. This will be found a good substitute for French mustard.



## IF YOU SUFFER

from  
**HEADACHES, FLATULENCY,  
PALPITATION, INSOMNIA,  
INDIGESTION, LANGUOR,  
BILIOUSNESS, ACIDITY,  
LOSS OF APPETITE,  
OR CONSTIPATION,**

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BRITISH FINE ART CO., 115, Strand, London, W.C.

and two white ostrich tips, which fell gracefully over the hair at the back. Gauged silk hats are extremely girlish and simple, and a very pretty one might be carried out in brown, with a half-wreath

lemon juice with the beaten white of two eggs. Stir these ingredients together, and spread the result between layers of cake. A cupful means what an ordinary breakfast cup will contain.

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## Liverpool at Leyton—The Corinthians' Fine Side.

If they are not expecting to outplay the Liverpool men at Leyton to-day in the same way that they did Manchester United, the Corinthians are expecting to win. And I, for one, am confident they will if they find their game. And I don't want in my Monday's notes to have to put in a plea of "glorious uncertainty" for a Corinthian loss.

Rarely do you see a side such as the Corinthians are playing to-day. We saw G. C. Vassall and Sam Day on the right wing, that great shot G. S. Harris in the centre, and then Stanley Harris and R. Corbett as, at least, a useful left wing. The half-backs will be H. Vickers, M. Morgan Owen, and H. A. Lowe; the full-backs W. U. Tinnis and C. C. Page; and the goalkeeper T. S. Rowlandson.

Liverpool, who only sustained their first defeat in the Second Division of the League last Saturday, are playing their full side. They are a well-balanced team, particularly good at half-back, which, of course, is saying very much, seeing that a game is commonly turned by the failure or success of the halves.

The kick-off at Leyton is 2.30, and the G.E.R., which is always alive to the desires of the public, is running a couple of fast specials from Liverpool-street (platforms 7 and 9) at 1.47 and 1.54. In spite of Cup-ties and other attractions, there ought to be a fine gate at Leyton.

With the amateur interests in the F.A. Cup-ties almost finished, I leave my good friend "Citizen" to deal with that competition. Of the Amateur Cup itself there is little of general interest to write about; but there are some capital Middlesex senior ties, notably that at Twicken Park, between London Calcedonians and Hanwell Old Nationals.

Notts County are due at the Spotted Dog, to play Clapton, who, with the Cambridge brigade at liberty, should give the Trent Bridge men a capital game.

TEMLAR.

### ASSOCIATION.

**THE LEAGUE.**—Division I.  
Aston Villa v. Manchester Utd.  
Blackburn Rovers v. Preston  
Bristol City v. Burton  
Derby County v. Small Heath.  
Sheff. United v. Sheffield Wednesday.  
Woolwich Arsenal v. Manchester City.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE.**  
Brighton and Hove Res. v. Reading Res.  
Southall v. Clapton Orient.  
Southampton v. Bristol Rovers.  
Aylesbury United v. South End.  
Willesden Town v. West Ham Res.

**WESTERN LEAGUE.**  
Bristol City v. Burton  
Plymouth A. v. Northampton  
Wellingborough v. Millwall.  
Brighton and Hove Res. v. Reading Res.  
Southall v. Clapton Orient.  
Southampton v. Bristol Rovers.

**SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.**  
Aylesbury United v. South End.  
Willesden Town v. West Ham Res.  
LONDON LEAGUE.  
Millwall Res. v. Woolwich Arsenal Res.

**LONDON CUP.**  
Albion v. Leytonstone  
Hilford Alliance v. Croydon.  
MIDDLESEX CUP.—Competition Proper—First Round.  
London Calcedonians v. Hanwell Old Nationals.  
City Service v. Maxwell Hill.

**AMATEUR CUP.**—Qualifying Round.  
Southall Athletic v. Kilsby  
Chesham Town v. Maidenhead Northolmes.  
Service Battalion Royal Engineers v. Bromley.  
FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP.—Qualifying Competition.  
Round.  
West Ham United v. Brighton and Hove Albion.  
Watford v. Lincoln City.  
Queens' Park Rangers v. Brentford.  
Fulham v. Luton.  
Barnford Rangers v. Blackpool.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**  
Greenock Morton v. Celtic.  
Partick Thistle v. Celtic.  
Jedburgh Athletic v. Airdrieonians.  
Motherwell v. Glasgow Rangers.

**OTHER MATCHES.**  
Oxford University v. Old Babylonians.  
Corinthians v. Liverpool.  
Grimsby Town v. Leeds City.  
Clapton v. Notts County.  
Swindon v. Reading.  
London Calcedonians v. Old Malvernians.  
Oxford City v. Marlow.

### RUGBY.

**COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.**  
At Exeter: Devon v. Gloucestershire.

**AT EXETER: DEVON v. GLoucestershire.**  
Blackheath v. Cardiff.  
Harlequins v. R.L.E.G.  
Old Leysians v. Old Merchant Taylors.  
Marlborough Nomads v. Leamington.  
London Irish v. Bedford.  
Rushmore Park v. St. Thomas' Hospital.  
Elmley v. Pontypool.  
Moseley v. Richmond.  
Bath v. Neath.  
Swansea v. Newport.  
Northampton v. Guy's Hospital.  
Barton v. Manchester.  
Leicester v. London Scottish.  
Weston-super-Mare v. Exeter.  
Nureston v. London Welsh.  
Edinburgh Institute v. West of Scotland.  
Glasgow v. Sydney.  
Clifton v. Bristol.  
Mead v. Coventry.  
Handsworth v. Cheltenham.  
Brighton v. U. Col. Hospital.  
Saracens v. Old Donningtonians.

### NORTHERN UNION.

**LEAGUE.**—Division I.  
Barnsley v. Halifax.  
R. Helms v. Bradford.  
Dijham v. Broughton.  
Rangers.  
Hunslet v. Leigh.  
Division II.  
Normanton v. Barrow.  
Bradley v. Lancaster.  
Rochdale Hornets v. Brighouse Rangers.  
(Matches played on the ground of the first-named club.)



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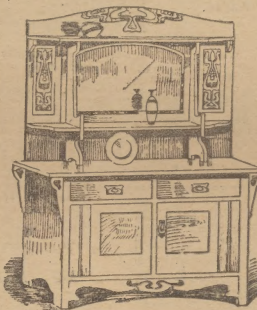
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## Thousands Owe Their Lives to the Skill of This Wonderful Doctor.

Seems To Possess Strange and Mysterious Power Over Disease.

Offers His Services Free To The Sick and Afflicted, Distance No Barrier.

For the past three years accounts have come from America of the most astonishing nature regarding marvellous cures that were being performed daily by the famous physician and scientist, Dr. James W. Kidd.

At first these stories were received with considerable doubt, but there continued to come reports of men and

women being restored to health after years of suffering. Chronic and so-called incurable invalids were brought back to perfect health. There seemed no ailment, or disease but what he might cure. Thousands of patients were treated by the doctor until his name and the fame of his marvellous remedies spread all over the civilized world. Investigation has proven every assertion made by Dr. Kidd. Some of the stories told and letters received from grateful patients seem to indicate that this man's remedies possess a mysterious power over disease. No matter how severe the case, how chronic, or how long standing, what other men have said or failed to do. These are the cases he especially solicits, because they give him a chance to prove his superior ability. When asked the secret of his success the doctor modestly answers, that it is partly due to the wonderful remedies which he uses and partly to the careful attention given each case. He treats patients all over the world by mail, and seems equally as successful as though they were present in his office. His greatest ambition is to give every sick, afflicted, and suffering man and woman in the world a chance to try his wonderful treatment. In an interview recently the doctor said, "I believe that I have discovered a way to relieve most of the suffering from sickness and disease in the world, and I believe that it is my duty as far as possible to make this fact known to all. For this reason I am offering to send a free treatment to every applicant, rich or poor, no matter where they live, no matter what their disease. I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to always give my medicines away, but I am going to attempt as long as possible to unit every afflicted person who has a chance to try and satisfy themselves without expending one penny. Do you mean that you will send treatment absolutely free to every one who applies? I was asked. That is exactly what I mean. Any sick or afflicted person who will write to me and describe their condition may have a trial of this treatment entirely free. There are no conditions, no restriction. Distance is no barrier. I cure as readily thousands of miles away as in my office. A letter does just as well as a personal visit."

The above statement appeared in all the leading American papers, and from there to the English Press. As a result Dr. Kidd's mail has been flooded with applications for free treatment. All have been answered promptly, but still they continue to come. For the benefit of his thousands of patients in the British Empire, the doctor has been compelled to establish an office in London. To secure a free treatment, it is only necessary to address Dr. James W. Kidd, 583, Saracens-buildings, Smith-st., London, E.C. Letting cure to describe your case. Remember that the doctor treats all diseases, from the simplest and easiest cured to the so-called incurable and chronic affections. There is no disease that he may not cure. In view of Dr. Kidd's marvellous success, his standing among America's most famous physicians, his reputation for honesty and integrity, the offer affords a remarkable opportunity to all who are sick and in need of medical help. It means a chance to get well, to mean the joy and relief of a new life. The world's most famous and successful physicians on your case absolutely free.

